Skinny Love

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Skinny Love

by wyldefire

Summary

"That's a lie. I know you aren't. I know you, Will. You know that I know you. I know you like my own soul. I'm sorry... I'm so sorry. I can see when you're sick, Will. Please just talk to me. I can help you. I can... I can try to make it better. Please, just let me."

Silence again.

"Please."

Silence.

"Please. Just talk to me. I love you."

Notes

So this idea blew up just a bit on the darkdreamsofhannigram blog the other night, so you know, what the hell? Someone's gotta write it.

Chapter 1

"You should try to eat something, Will." Hannibal whispered, taking a seat on the edge of the bed.

"I'm not hungry." Will muttered, not looking at him, just staring out the window, onto the water.

"Will. It's been weeks, and you've hardly eaten a thing." He was practically begging.

"I'm just not hungry."

Will sat in the bed that he had been lying in since they'd fallen off the bluff. *No. We didn't fall. I pushed us off.* They had both come out with injuries, and if not for Chiyoh, they would've both ended up dead. Hannibal had been worse off, not waking up for days after all of it happened... But she had taken good care of him, of both of them, if somewhat begrudgingly. Hannibal had been back in almost-fighting form again for the past few days, the only memory of what had happened to him, from the gunshot wound to the wounds that Will had unintentionally caused, being a slight limp. He had two broken ribs and three more bruised, a concussion, a cracked skull, a hairline fracture through his left femur, a broken hand, and that wasn't even mentioning the gunshot wound... But he was almost back to normal.

Will? Not so much.

All of Will's wounds had been... They should've been healed at this point. He had a few broken bones, but nothing so bad that he should still be bedridden. A broken wrist, a fracture through his leg, a few bones in his foot broken... Nothing that should've left him bedridden to begin with. He needed a cast, which he got, but that was all. And yet, he was the one that could hardly move. He couldn't walk, couldn't even fucking stand up. Maybe he could stand, but maybe he didn't want to. Maybe he couldn't even will himself to leave the bed. Perhaps it was just psychological. Either way, Hannibal hadn't said a word about it. Ever since Chiyoh left, he had been taking care of him, when it should've been the other way around. Helping him in and out of bed, trying to provide some sort of physical therapy, though Will wasn't compliant enough to do what he was told. Stubbornness was one trait that Will had kept. Aside from that, everything about him had faded, drained from him. All the color had drained from him.

"Will... Please don't... Don't leave me. Physically, mentally, I don't know. Just... Stay with me." Hannibal whispered, practically begging.

Hannibal noticed him becoming zombie-like. At first, he had thought that maybe it was just his injuries causing him to retreat, trying to escape the pain. But it had been weeks, and it didn't matter how many painkillers or treatments he gave him, he wouldn't come back. He just stared, staring out the window, refusing to move or eat or talk or do *anything.* Hannibal had been almost afraid to say anything, afraid of setting him off, or just making things worse. But it slipped out. He was desperate.

Will slowly turned toward him, eyes finding his, making eye-contact for the first time since they had fallen off the bluff. Things had been... Strange, to say the least. Their relationship had become complicated, and neither of them knew what to do about it. Where did they stand? Friends? Enemies? Something more? Something else? Neither of them had spoken a word of it. Neither of them knew how to speak of it, knew how to bring it up. They barely spoke, and conversation had been muted. Hannibal wouldn't touch Will anymore, not in the way that he had done so freely before. Instead, they were cold toward each other. Not intentionally. It was just... It was awkwardness. Uncertainty of how to proceed.

"Where else would I go?" Will muttered.

Hannibal stayed silent.

"You don't get it, do you? I tried to leave you. And nothing worked. Pain. Betrayal. Time. Distance. Death. I got married, Hannibal. I had a family. I had a happy life. A wife and a kid and ten dogs. I should've been happy. But instead, I was miserable. I was always miserable when I woke up because I dreamed about you every fucking night. You and Abigail, because you were supposed to my family. Not Molly. It was always you. It was always fucking you. Because you're something to me, and I can't... I can't get you out of my head. Nothing could shake you. I couldn't forget you. No matter where I go. No matter what I do. I could sail to the other side of the world and I still wouldn't be able to leave your side, really. So I'm not going to leave you because I can't. But if you have somewhere I could go to escape you, go ahead and tell me. Though I'm not sure I'd even leave at this point. I don't know if I have the willpower anymore."

Hannibal bit down on his lip for a moment before turning toward the door, unsure of how to respond. He had hurt his Will more than he knew. He just looked down at his hands, unsure of what to do, what to say to make things better. He didn't know how to make it okay. He didn't know how to make it better. He just gave a short nod and stood up.

"I'm sorry." Hannibal whispered, unsure of what else to say.

"No you aren't. And that's fine, because you can't stay away from me any more than I can stay away from you. Maybe we're just a match made in... A match made in hell. Since it's quite obvious that neither of us came from heaven."

"Lucifer was God's most beautiful creation once. Perhaps you were an angel once. Perhaps we both were."

"Stop. Please. Stop. I don't want to hear your metaphors right now. I just... I just want to be done. I want to close my eyes and I want it to be over. You could've given me that, at least."

Will turned back to the window, staring out onto the water, land nowhere in sight. Nothing but ocean, nothing but sea. There was no escaping him anyways, so it didn't matter whether there was land or not. He curled in on himself, tugging the blanket over his shoulder as Hannibal stared for a few moments before pivoting on his heel and walking away.

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"I'm sorry." Will suddenly said from across the room, causing Hannibal to jump just a bit, though he didn't let it show as he turned toward the silhouette in the doorway.

He'd been sitting in the small living area of their ship, sipping at a glass of wine, trying to block out the thoughts of their conversation. It was... It was too painful to think about. He knew it was true. He knew that he had hurt Will. He knew that their relationship had never been... Well, healthy. They lied, they manipulated, they tried to kill each other so many times that it wasn't funny. They had hurt each other so much, caused so much damage that it made him wonder if they would ever be okay. If they would ever be able to move past it. If they would ever be able to have something other than fighting and hatred. If they would ever be able to have anything other than bitterness and resentment. If they could ever stop this destructiveness and learn to love each other.

Even if loving each other meant leaving each other.

They had been caught in this cycle. They hurt each other but they kept coming back. From the lies to the betrayal to almost killing one another. Maybe, if they could move past it and learn to love each other, they would be able to leave each other. They would be able to live without each other. Maybe that was the only way that their relationship could be remotely healthy. All of these things had been racing through his head as he sipped at his wine until Will padded quietly into the room, leaving it for the first time since they'd gotten on this damned boat.

"For what?" Hannibal inquired, turning back to his wine.

"What I said." He answered, taking a seat in the chair across from him, sitting almost like they had when they were nothing but a doctor and a patient.

No, they had never been *just* doctor and patient. They had always been more than that. They had always had that connection. Hannibal had felt it from the day that they'd met. He knew that this man was going to be special to him. Could feel the natural gravitation. Maybe Will had felt it too, and maybe that was why he pulled away that first time. He could remember him growing angry, agitated. He hadn't wanted to get close. But he did. Maybe that was why he pulled away so fast. He wasn't used to a connection like that. He could become other people, snake into the minds of others, but no one had been able to do that straight back to him, snaking into his mind the way that he did to others. No one before Hannibal. They had always had this connection.

"No need for apologies. You were right. If anyone should be apologizing, it's me. I got too close to you. I entwined myself with you. And I hurt you. I ruined you. I took what innocence that you did have left and I burned it. I let it burn. For my own sake. Because I wanted you. Because I was in love with you. Because I am in love with you. I didn't consider what it might do to you." Hannibal replied, eyes finding his.

"Yes you did. You knew exactly what it would do to me. You knew what you were creating. What you didn't consider was whether or not I wanted what you were offering to me. You wanted to dig the monster out of me. You wanted a crazy that matched yours. You just... You didn't care about the fact that I didn't want to become like you. Or... You didn't care that I didn't want to dig out the part of me that was already like you. You didn't care that I just wanted to bury it and be at least almost sane. At least almost okay. Almost normal."

"Is that what you want now? To be normal? To be innocent again?"

"No. There's not any going back. Even if there was, I wouldn't. If I could go back, if I could revoke my title of killer, of murderer... I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because that's what I tried to do, and I was miserable. I've never felt more alive than when I was with you. Than when we killed the Dragon. I wouldn't trade that for anything. I'd be dead inside. Even more so than what I am now."

Hannibal just nodded slowly, knowing the feeling yet unsure of what to say. He wanted to make it all alright, wanted to make it better for him, wanted to do *something* to help him. But for the first time, he didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to make it better. He didn't know how to fix this. So instead, they just stayed silent, staring back at one another, mimicking the other's movements, like they were two parts of the same person, two halves of the same soul.

Will meant more to him than anyone else. Anything else. He meant more than his freedom, his happiness, his tastes, his lifestyle. He meant more to him than anything else. It was the man in front of him that he was willing to sacrifice everything for. He would sacrifice everything for him everyday of his life. Nothing else mattered. No one but him. And perhaps Will felt the same way. No. He knew that he felt the same way. He wouldn't have pushed them off the bluff if he didn't feel the same way. *Can't live with him, can't live without him.*

"Did you ache for me? Our years apart? Did you miss me?" Hannibal finally asked.

"Every single day. I'd dream about you. I'd think about you every single day, and I'd hate myself for it, but I couldn't get you out of my head. I couldn't live without you, Hannibal. I hated myself for it. The night of my wedding... I was thinking about you. I dreamed that you were the one meeting me at the alter instead of Molly. And I should've felt terrified, but I didn't. I felt more at peace than I ever did with Molly. I felt like that was just how things were meant to be. And I despised myself for it. I despised myself because I ached so much for you. I hated myself because of how much I loved you." Will confessed, voice shaking.

Hannibal stared, not wanting to show how in shock he really was at those words. Love. Neither of them had ever really used the word before. Neither of them had ever just looked into each other's eyes and said those three words. They showed it in the most deranged, bloody, horrible ways possible. Showing each other that they loved each other through trying to kill each other or pushing each other to the brink, to the point where they were both miserable but it was okay because they were together and that was all that mattered. That was all that ever mattered. And for a split second, Hannibal was tempted to tell him those words

right back. Those simple words that could make everything better, or tear everything to shreds. He was tempted to say them, just once, just to see how they felt. *I love you too.* But he refrained. Neither of them were quite ready for that. So instead, he just gave a small nod and leaned back, Will mimicking his movements, playing some sort of game of mirrors.

"Are you hungry?" Hannibal inquired after awhile, what might've been minutes or hours or days.

Will nodded slightly.

"What would you like?"

"I'm guessing nothing here is vegetarian?"

"Well, not exactly, but the food you and I have developed a taste for is... Well, out of stock."

"People. You mean people. You don't have people. We're out of people." He kept saying that word like he couldn't believe that he had eaten another human. Kept saying that word like he couldn't believe what he had done. Kept saying that word like he hated himself for it. *People, people, people.* The disgust and shock had worn off for Hannibal years and years ago, so long ago that he couldn't remember a time when it would've repulsed him. The first time he ate someone was to preserve her memory, to keep her as a part of him rather than letting her go, rather than letting her suffocate from the dirt, rather than letting earth take her back. He had made himself sick after doing that to her, trying to keep her as part of him, refusing to let her go. It never seemed entirely wrong to him. At least not the first time. Later, after developing the taste for human flesh, he could acknowledge it as perhaps wrong, perhaps evil... But he didn't care at that point. It was no longer repulsive to him. And it was no longer repulsive to Will. The only thing he was repulsed by was the fact that he was no longer repulsed by it.

"No. I don't. We're in the middle of the ocean. We cannot just pluck from a crowd of faces anymore. I fear that it is just you and me right now." He eventually replied.

"What do you have, then?" Will inquired, staring down at his hands.

"Nothing quite as... Elegant as what I typically prepare."

"Yeah? Then what do you have?"

"Macaroni and cheese?"

That drew a smile to Will's lips, a smile that he hadn't given since they had gotten onto the boat, and it pulled one from Hannibal's lips. He didn't even try to hide his smile, let out a full-toothed smile, unable to contain himself, unbelievably pleased that something so simple and frankly silly had brought a smile to the face of the man that he loved. He couldn't help it. Will had been like a zombie over the past weeks, barely speaking, barely eating, barely doing anything at all but staring out into the sea. But in the night, in the dark with the rain coming down outside, in the darkness of their living room... He was smiling. For perhaps the first time since the bluff, he was smiling. And it wasn't a smile of brokenness or new revelations... It was a genuine smile.

"Macaroni and cheese. Never thought I'd see the famous Dr. Lecter eating something so lowly." Will teased, suddenly far more lighthearted than before.

"You'd be surprised by me."

"And you by me."

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He didn't think that it would make things better. In fact, it was quite likely that it would make things much worse. But he needed to say it. Really say it. They needed to assess this, needed to work this out, needed to figure out where they going from here. What would happen to them. What they were going to do about all of this.

He needed to tell him how much he loved him. He needed to say those three words. He couldn't take it anymore.

He stepped quietly into Will's room. He'd only been in here to try and assist with his recovery. Chiyoh had been there to help him with his own, though he wasn't entirely healed yet. The line across his side from where he had been shot was still slowly healing, and his hand was still in a splint, as with his leg, causing him to walk with a limp. But he didn't let it bother him because Will was the more important thing in his life. Most of what was wrong with Will at this point was psychological. He was horrendously depressed, to a point where he hardly moved. Hannibal couldn't really help him because he didn't want to be helped... But maybe... Maybe talking, what little talking they had been doing... Maybe it would be enough.

The door to the bathroom was closed and locked, so he opted to wait. Stepping inside, his eyes scanned the small room. There was nothing personal in here, not yet. Maybe someday, when they got off the damned boat and found somewhere to stay where they would never be found again, Will would have something in his room that was personal to him, something special to him. Maybe they would end up with a dog or seven. Will always did love his dogs just a bit too much. It was a borderline obsession, finding dogs and taking them in. He didn't mind. It was endearing, if he was being perfectly honest. But right then, despite having lived there for the past two or three months (keeping track of time was hard when all of the days blurred together), there was nothing personal to him. A messy bed that had been laid in for far too long, only getting up when he was forced. Older medical equipment that hadn't been used in awhile, sutures and an IV bag for when he swore that he couldn't eat... It was too clinical.

Hannibal took a small step toward the door where Will was. There was no sound. The only thing that reassured Hannibal that he was even in there was the fact that he could hear his soft breathing.

And then he smelled the vomit.

Oh god.

He knew the smell, and instantly felt sick himself. How had he not caught onto this sooner?

He had noticed the clues, but paid no heed to them before. He just figured that they were coincidental. He looked thinner when they had met again, but it had been 3 years and it wasn't exactly hard to imagine that perhaps he'd just been working out, or eating less, or perhaps he looked thinner because he didn't have the master (cannibal) chef to cook for him anymore. Then there was the fact that he had practically refused to eat, but Hannibal just assumed that it was a side effect of the depression that had been plaguing him since they had been pulled from the water, rescued from their own self-inflicted demise. But no... He knew the smell. This had been going on for a long time, far longer than what they had been on the boat.

How had he not noticed? How had he not put the pieces together, or at least smelled it. His heart sank in his chest.

Will was sick. Not as much in the physical sense, while it certainly was in the physical sense as well... He was sick in the head. He always was, his mind never quite in tact, always falling apart. But now... He was sicker than Hannibal had thought. Hannibal could feel panic rising in his chest, unable to think straight, feeling like he had failed. How had he not noticed this? How had he just let William suffer through this without having realized it?

He felt angry. Alana Bloom would've noticed this. She had been there. She had seen him. She knew that he was sick, and she didn't care. She didn't even bother to mention it. He knew why she didn't tell him, and it was painfully juvenile. She didn't tell him because she wanted him to see that he was the reason why he was sick. Why he was like this. But it was juvenile, petty, stupid. It was a jab at him, a punch thrown designed to hurt him, rather trying to help Will. Alana would rather hurt Hannibal than try to help Will. And it was juvenile and petty and it filled him to the brim with rage. Oh, he would have to dock this boat and find her, serve her to Will once he was better. He felt a rage so strong in that moment that it almost overwhelmed his concern for Will.

Almost.

How long had this been happening? By the clues he put together, by the smell of him, by the way he was responding... It had to have been awhile. Years. At least. Hannibal felt his stomach drop. Had he been suffering through this in silence? Had no one been there for him?

Had giving himself up been selfish when he thought it was the most selfless act he could do for Will? Had giving himself up been the wrong sacrifice? Maybe the best move would've been not to run and not to give himself up, but to hide. Lurk in the shadows. Act as a guardian angel. Perhaps if he had stayed and just *tried* to make things better between them, he could've prevented all of this. But he had been in prison and Will had been deteriorating, self-destructing. He felt sick. He felt his chest tighten and his stomach drop and everything in him hollow out with guilt. God. *Will.*

"Will?" Hannibal squeaked out, hardly able to get out his name as he pressed his hand against the door.

"I'm fine." Will called back, voice hoarse.

"I know you're not. Please open the door."

Silence.

"William, please. I can help you, please... Just... Please, talk to me."

"I'm fine."

"That's a lie. I know you aren't. I know you, Will. You know that I know you. I know you like my own soul. I'm sorry... I'm so sorry. I can see when you're sick, Will. Please just talk to me. I can help you. I can... I can try to make it better. Please, just let me."

Silence again.

"Please."

Silence.

"Please. Just talk to me. I love you."

Shuffling across the floor. The flushing of the toilet. And he finally opened the door.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Here's your immoral smut, you godless heathens. (Actually, it's extremely tame compared to what other smut I've written, and it was hard as fuck to write, so ya'll better fucking enjoy it.)

For the first time since all of this happened, since their fall, since their cohabitation had began, since all of this started, Hannibal saw Will for what he actually was. He wasn't seeing a beautified version of him, wasn't seeing some watered down version of the truth, wasn't seeing all of that. He stopped seeing the distorted truth and forced himself to see what was actually there.

He didn't look painfully thin, like one might expect. He wasn't bone thin. He still looked like Will. But he looked smaller. Not just in terms of weight, which he did, but in terms of the way that he carried himself. He just seemed smaller, shying away more than what he would before. He was never a particularly confident or well-spoken man, but he had never shrunk away like this. He looked so small, like his soul itself had become smaller, shriveled up to the point where there was almost nothing left. Hit was like part of Will, part of his Will, had died. Had fallen away.

"Will." Hannibal squeaked out, voice coming out as small and pathetic and broken as he reached out, hands cupping around Will's face. He didn't slink away as Hannibal's hand molded against his skin, but didn't lean into the touch either. He just looked... Dazed.

"I'm sorry." Will managed to sputter out, eyes staring out into space, staring right through him.

He didn't say anything. What was there to say? He could ask for an explanation, could beg him to tell him what was happening. He could scold him for letting this happen, tell him that he was stronger than this, that he was better than this, that he didn't need to do this to himself. He could say nothing, pretend that nothing had ever happened, like there was nothing wrong, and just go back to pretending that he was blissfully unaware that there was something wrong. Something told him that Will would go for the last option, knowing him. He had never really liked talking about his problems, when it got right down to it. When there relationship had been more professional, he often deflected, or turned the subject into something aside from him. Something told Hannibal that this time would be no different.

But he didn't do any of the above. He couldn't figure out how to put what he was thinking into words, didn't know what to do to help him, to stop the pain of this. He didn't know how to fix it with words, and for once in his life, the man with the charm of a thousand devils and

the silver tongue of a serpent was left completely and utterly speechless. Will always had a way of doing that to him. Leaving him without words.

"I... I'm... I'm sorry." Will sputtered, staring at his hands.

"I know." Hannibal replied, voice coming out as shaky and weak and timid, like he was afraid of saying the wrong thing. A hand cupped around the side of his neck lightly, holding him, trying to give him some ounce of strength.

"It's... I don't want to. It... It started after you went to prison, and... It's been years, and Molly couldn't fix it, and a good life couldn't fix it, and I couldn't eat for a long time, and I still can't, and I can't keep anything down because I thought that maybe this was the better option because I was at least getting *something* in my system but I just couldn't force myself to keep it down and..." He rambled, talking so fast that Hannibal could barely keep up.

"Will."

"I promised, I didn't mean to... I just... I can't stop it now, and I didn't want you to know but I knew you'd find out eventually because you know everything about me and..."

"Will."

"I just couldn't take eating anymore. After you left, after you got captured, after everything happened, I couldn't take it anymore. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't think. I would try to eat and I'd think about you, and I'd see you sitting across from me and I'd miss you and I'd hate myself for missing you so..."

"Shh... You don't have to tell me." Hannibal assured, wrapping his arms around him, pulling him close for the first time since they'd fallen off the bluff.

Will's arms wrapped back around Hannibal's waist, holding him just as close, like he was unafraid, or just didn't care enough to be afraid of the monster he was holding anymore. Will had seen Hannibal for what he truly was, had become just as he was, and he didn't care. He didn't care anymore. Because maybe they were monsters, cold, uncaring for the likes of sheep. But they cared for each other so deeply that nothing else in the world, not pain or suffering, not life or death, nothing... Nothing else mattered. It was just the two of them against the rest of the world, the world that lay miles away from them... None of that mattered then. The pain that they had known, the pain that they had inflicted on themselves and each other and the rest of the world... In that moment, as Hannibal held the smaller man, now really noticing the difference in him, the way that he felt bonier than he had before, the way that he was weighted lighter than what he had before when he leaned against him... None of it mattered. Nothing else in the world except the two of them.

Will slowly pulled out of his chest, eyes meeting Hannibal's. They so rarely made eye-contact, and when they did, it was usually out of anger, or fear, or some other negative emotion that they tried to avoid. But for the first time, there wasn't an air of anger or pain or frustration or pain or betrayal there. There was certainly a pain in him, a burn in his throat, a turning of his twisting stomach. But it wasn't in his gaze. His gaze, like a tangible thing, felt

warm, soft, full of love rather than hatred... And in that moment, he knew that what they were both thinking didn't need to be put into words.

I am in love with you.

Hannibal was unsure of who initiated the contact, but at once, the two of them were kissing. It was soft and slow, not hurried or frantic or caught up in heat or passion or need or lust. So much of their relationship had been spent like that, blood pumping and sweat pouring and head pounding dizziness, fast and rough with each other. They weren't delicate with each other by any means. They had hurt each other so many times... Of course, that had all melted away when they killed the Dragon, consummated what relationship they had. Shattered the teacup once and for all, starting anew. But since then, they had been in this void, between somewhere where they were happy and domestic and somewhere where they were both horribly miserable. It was a limbo, a purgatory. But this... This was something new. This was a gentleness that neither of them had ever had the courtesy of showing each other, not really. This was calm, happy, emotional, brokenhearted, overjoyed... This was the end of the chapter in their life where they were hurting each other and saving each other, loving each other and despising each other. This was the end of the *"can't live with him, can't live without him"* mentality. It was the end of that and the beginning of something new. Something beautiful.

Their lips fit together in just a way, a way that he had never felt before. Hannibal's palms were pressed against Will's bony shoulders, fingers grazing over the outline of his skeleton, naming the bones in his body in the back of his head. *Clavicle, coracoid process, acromion, glenoid cavity, scapula, humerus...* He felt them too well, the muscle that had once been there, the tight muscles tense with anxiety, had practically deteriorated, and it would take a long time to get him back into shape. But none of that really mattered right then, did it? His other hand grazed over his face. The scar in his cheek was still fairly noticeable, jutting out beneath his finger. The skin hung limply to bones, though not too limply. It just wasn't as firm as it had been. His cheekbones felt sharper than before, as with his jawline. Every bone felt more prominent without all of the muscle or the fat. It felt... Almost sad. Horribly sad. Heartbreaking, even. He felt like a shell of his former self. But as they stood there, connected, lips pressed against together, tongues moving together in a dance that wasn't a fight for power or dominance but rather for equality... He could feel the heat rising in his skin again, pale skin flushing and running hot beneath his fingertips despite how cold he had felt before... He felt the life coming back to his lover.

Will pulled away first, leaving Hannibal longing for more, lips still slightly outstretched, instinctively wanting to follow. But he pulled himself back, staring back at the man in front of him, the man who had once stood as his equal but now felt so much smaller, held himself smaller than what he actually was. He studied over his face for a moment, like he was trying to decide what to say, eyes unreadable.

"Do you love me?" Will whispered, color flushing into his skin, bringing the world from dull colors to bright, vibrant ones.

"Yes. I love with with all that is in me. Perhaps that is why it pains me so much to see you hurting yourself like this." Hannibal confessed without a moment's hesitation.

Will nodded.

"And you?" Hannibal inquired, unable to resist, unable to stand not knowing the answer.

"What?"

"Do you love me?"

"Yes. Yes. Of course I love you. I wouldn't be here if I didn't. I wouldn't have kissed you if I didn't. Yes. Yes, Hannibal. I love you."

"For how long?"

"The day I knew I was in love with you... It was the day when you fell in the snow in front of the police. God-awful, smug smirk on your face, looking back at me. Your hair was messy, and you still had cuts on your face and on your hands. The snow made you look like you were from a fairytale. Like you were some sort of prince. And I was watching you and I knew. I mean, I guess I had the sense in the back of my head, but I didn't know what the feeling was. When we were planning to run. When we were planning to leave... I think I knew it then, but I didn't have the words. And I didn't want to believe that I could be in love with someone like you. But that night... I looked at you and I still wanted you out of my life and I just wanted to be innocent for awhile, just a little while... But there was this hollow feeling in my chest whenever I thought about it. And I looked at you and it was full again. I was whole again. And when you looked back at me... I knew I was in love with you. And I despised myself for it."

Hannibal wanted to kiss him again. Wanted to hold him close, press his lips against the younger man's, hold him until the world crashed and burned around them, hold him until they were both long dead and long gone.... He wanted nothing more than to have him, to hold him, to love him. But he didn't. He just let the small flutter of joy, of pain, of happiness, of sorrow, of love, of emotion in his chest be, let it resonate with him, and for once, he didn't try to crush it. He let his vulnerability and his love show in a way that wasn't cold or brutal or murderous. It was the way that normal people showed love. Through their gazes, through the small brushes of their hands... Through the very air that filled their lungs.

"How long have you loved me, Hannibal?" Will inquired.

"Would it be too childish to say since the day that I laid eyes on you?" Hannibal replied, pulling closer, hand caressing the side of his face, brushing back a stray curl.

Will let a small smile spread over his lips, eyes adverting, finding the floor before turning back to him, smile softer now, but just as beautiful. He was beautiful. Hannibal could feel his heart leaping in his chest and he let it be, not feeling a need to put the fire that was burning there out. He let it burn, and let himself burn with it. His mind, his heart, his soul. It all burned for Will Graham.

Will paused for a few moments and they stood there in silence, but it wasn't uncomfortable silence, and it wasn't fractured silence that made them both want to break down and fall apart. It was an almost comfortable silence, the silence between two people that didn't need words to speak. Because there was something sparked between them, standing so closely that their

breath was intertwined, breathing the same air, the heat of their bodies rolling into the air around them...

"Have you ever wanted to have sex with me?" Will whispered.

Hannibal was taken aback at the question, but felt his heart leap at the question. Rather than getting defensive, trying to play it off like he had never thought about it, that their relationship had been purely platonic, or even purely romantic, he decided not to lie. He was done lying to Will. He didn't deserve that anymore. He didn't deserve the lies, didn't deserve the damaging stories that had led him here, led him to throwing up after every meal. He didn't deserve the pain. Their teacup had shattered once again, irreparable, never to come together again. They were going to have to build something new, something based on trust rather than hurting each other, rather than lies and betrayal.

"Yes." Hannibal confessed.

"How long?" He inquired.

"Since I smelled that atrocious aftershave for the first time." Hannibal chuckled.

This drew a small smile to Will's lips, a smile of which Hannibal would never tire. He smiled back as Will's hand, bony and shaking, took hold of Hannibal's, pulling it up and pressing it against his chest softly, pressing right over his heart so that Hannibal could feel the soft thudding beneath his fingertips. Will slowly looked back into Hannibal's eyes, those beautiful blue eyes pleading for something that Hannibal couldn't quite place, something that he didn't quite recognize from Will... Until he realized that it was the way that he had once looked at Alana. It was the way that Hannibal had never seen him look at him before. It was like lust, but something quite a bit deeper than that. It was a longing for a connection of the physical kind, but nothing quite so crude as simple fucking.

"Do... Do you want to have sex with me?" Hannibal inquired softly as the realization dawned on him.

"Yes." Will replied.

"How long have you wanted this?"

"I don't know. When I pictured it, it was always fast, rough fucking. I sometimes would think about you throwing me against the wall. I'd get glimpses, flashes... But this is different."

Hannibal took a small step forward, cupping his face with his hand, pulling him close, hand still pressed against his chest, his bony, bare chest. His thumb ran lightly over his nipple, hardened slightly though not drastically, just barely noticeable, and Hannibal couldn't even tell whether it was from arousal or just for the fact that he was cold, not wearing any clothes like that. But as he stepped closer, it became evident what his true intentions were. And there was no way that either of them could go back from this. This conversation, these confessions of love and lust and so much more. There was no way that they could go back to just avoiding each other, trying to stay away because the pain was just too much to bear. The crosses that they bore would be shared now, and Hannibal would always be there to bear that

cross. There wasn't any turning back as he pulled close, their breathing intertwined, their hearts beating in sync.

"What do you want me to do?" Hannibal whispered.

"I want you to make love to me."

Hannibal studied him over again, unsure of what to say, how to respond. Would this be appropriate? With Will vulnerable and broken like this? Would this be taking advantage of him? Would it be manipulating him? Was he even capable of consent at this point? But as his bony, shaking hands curled slowly around Hannibal's arms, bringing him closer, he knew that he couldn't stop this if he wanted to. This was how they were always meant to be. They were always meant to be together, whether brought together by chance or luck or fate or destiny or the hands of the gods themselves... This was where they were always supposed to end up. Making new vows, promising each other new life without intentional pain inflicted on the other.

"Are you sure?" Hannibal inquired.

"I've never been so sure of anything in my life."

He nodded slowly and bit down on his lip as he studied him over, hands moving away from his chest and his face to the loose robe that he had slung around his shoulders. He wrapped his hands around the cheap fabric that they had been settling with as he pushed it away, down his arms and away from his body, tossing it to the corner of the room. He would've hung it back in its rightful place, but that would've meant that he would've had to walk away from his William. He studied him over, getting a clear, unobstructed view of him, and god, was he beautiful. Hannibal's eyes wandered over the scars that littered his body. The scars in each one of his shoulders, one from the fight with the Dragon, another from a gunshot wound. The long, jagged scar across his stomach, the one that he had put there. He could see each rib bone individually, far too well. What had once been softer, cushioned yet far from *fat* was now so bony and thin that he almost looked completely starved. It wasn't noticeable unless you were looking, but now Hannibal could see him for what he really was. A broken man.

Hannibal's fingers traced over the scar that he had put there first. Jagged, rough, lacking in the finesse and precision that he typically inflicted on his victims. He was always brutal, but never sloppy. His marks were left with precision and just a hint of beauty, despite the nature of brutality in them. He made sure of their beauty, made sure that they weren't left sloppily. But the jagged mark across Will's stomach was lacking in that. Perhaps because it was a crime of passion rather than of cold calculation. Perhaps it just meant that he cared too much about Will to care about precision.

"Was Abigail's wound as sloppy, as rough and jagged, as yours?" Hannibal inquired softly as he moved closer, pressing a small kiss against Will's neck.

"I don't know. I didn't get to see her body. She was in the ground by the time I woke up." Will whispered, pressing into the touch.

"I imagine it was. I loved her just as much as I loved you. In a different way, perhaps. But I did love her. Never doubt that." He vowed, fingers pressing more tightly against the scar.

"I know you did."

"I destroy everything I touch. Everything I love is burned, and when it is nothing but dust and ashes, I burn that too. I cannot help myself. My instinct is to crush all threats, anything that causes me vulnerability. Even in the most beautiful of ways. Is that okay?" He confessed between the presses of his lips against Will's skin, now grazing over the scars in his shoulders.

"What? That you're always going to see me as a threat? Because you feel things that you've never felt, and you feel them so deeply that it frightens you? Am I okay with the fact that I will always be the source of fear in your eyes, and it will take everything in you not to destroy me in the way that you destroyed Abigail? Am I okay with that?"

Hannibal stayed silent, just pressing a kiss against Will's clavicle.

"Yes." He confessed.

Hannibal let out a sound that felt like it was somewhere between a sigh and a moan, a sigh of relief, a moan for the longing that he now felt, a longing that was different than any kind of longing that he had ever felt. He could feel the growing bulge beneath his drawstring pajama bottoms, and he knew that Will could feel it too. But it wasn't desperate arousal, a primal need to spread his seed, to create new life. It wasn't primal or desperate or needy or excited. It was just a tug in his pants, just a way of preparation for what they both knew was to come.

"Do you want to hurt me? Does the thought of destroying me excite you?" Will inquired, reaching down, fingers ghosting over the waistline of his pants.

"No. I don't want to hurt you, Will. I will not hurt you again. Not in the way that I have before. I promise. I vow to never try to hurt or destroy or break or burn you." Hannibal vowed, words hot and soft as he whispered them against Will's ear.

"Why? Why not crush me, live without the burden of your vulnerability to me?"

"Because without you, what is left of me is a shell of a man. Cold. Iron. There is no way of hurting or damaging me anymore... But there is no life within my veins. You make me feel alive. And I don't think I can sacrifice you like that."

Hannibal could feel the younger man growing harder against him as they stood there, so close together, no longer two distinguishable people but one whole. Will was part of him, and Hannibal part of Will. There would be no living without each other after this. There'd be no more pain or sorrow or suffering between them like this. They could move on. They could start a new life with Will getting better, gaining weight again without having to throw up everything he ate. They could start a new life where vulnerability to each other, their souls and minds and hearts open and naked to one another, could make them stronger. They didn't have to hurt anymore. They could be happy. Domestic, even, if they wanted. They didn't have to hurt anymore.

Hannibal started to walk toward the bed, leading the way, before Will froze. For a moment, the older man wondered if he was having second thoughts and the idea of this all ending made his heart jump, making him want to curl in on himself. But Will didn't walk away, didn't pull away from the other man's touch. He just stood there, not moving toward the bed, where they should be. Where they could be making slow, sweet love in a way that their relationship had never suggested. It wouldn't be fiery passion from the pits of hell, rough and abusive, pleasure and pain. It would be the start of something new, something sweet and slow and maybe even healthy, a place where neither of them were hurting each other, a place where no one was in pain...

"I don't want to do it in here. It's too clinical. It holds too many bad memories. I've thrown up right there so many times now that I've lost count at this point. And... I don't... I don't want to do it in here." Will muttered.

"Where, then?" Hannibal inquired, pressing his lips back against his neck, just behind his ear.

"Outside. I want to... I want to watch the stars while you do this to me. I want us to watch the sun rise together when this is done. When we're done. I want us to see a new day breaking, and I want to know that it's us now. A new dawn. A new day breaking."

Hannibal's smile was wider than what Will had ever seen before. It wasn't smug or self-satisfied, it wasn't cruel or sinister. It was a genuine smile, one that Will had never had the opportunity of seeing before, and one that he desperately hoped to see again. Perhaps this new day breaking, the sun shining on a new day, would bring more of those beautiful smiles.

Hannibal could hardly contain himself as he hurried toward the bed and tore away the blankets and the pillows, gathering them quickly into his arms. This ship wasn't exactly high-tech, and it wouldn't feel good to have sex against splintery wood like that. And Hannibal desperately wanted to make this feel good for him, for the both of them. He grabbed the pillows and the blanket and the duvet, barely able to hold them all as he nodded toward Will, who led the way out of the room, walking quickly, both of them feeling more giddy than what they ought to feel.

The night was clear and the deck was, at least for the most part, dry. It felt like the first time since they'd gotten on this boat that the night sky wasn't full of clouds. So often would the weather match their mood, dark and gray. But now, for the first time in what felt like forever, the stars were shining through, illuminating the night sky. Perhaps Hannibal would've stood and stared in awe at them, but as he lay the duvet down against the deck, making a makeshift bed for the two of them, the only thing that he could stare at in awe was Will. He was staring up at the night sky, the moonlight dancing on his face, looking completely and utterly in awe at them, like he had never seen them before. Like he had never seen the wonders of the stars before that very moment.

"There are more here than what I've ever seen." Will muttered as Hannibal continued laying out their bed.

"There's no light pollution. It's just you and me out here. You. Me. The stars. No one else." Hannibal explained in response.

He could feel Will's smile without even looking up.

"Do you have any preferences as to how you would like for this to... Happen?" Hannibal asked, wording sounding just a bit unsure.

"Are you asking me if I'd like to top or bottom?" Will replied, arms crossing across his chest.

"Yes."

"And that's a question?"

"Why would it not be?"

"I just kind of assumed, with you being the way that you are..."

"You assumed, being the predator I am, that I would top."

"Exactly."

"Not quite. I quite like the idea of having your body inside of mine in a way that isn't... Well, in a way that is enjoyable for the both of us, rather than just me."

"Do you want to bottom?"

"I have no preference. It is entirely up to you." He replied, trying to seem entirely nonchalant as he continued to spread out the blankets, like they were talking about what they were going to have for dinner rather than how the first time they had sex would go. This wasn't something to be taken so lightly, and yet they were talking about it like it was. And it was okay. If it calmed down Will, then it was alright.

"I... I think I want to... I think I want to bottom. I guess. I mean, you're already in my head. In my heart. In my soul. You're ingrained in me... And... Well... Uh... You're in my mind. And you're in my heart... So... Why not complete the unholy trinity and let you in my body as well?"

Hannibal almost laughed, not having seen it like that before. He smiled and nodded softly before turning back to Will, standing in his boxers, erection now extremely evident as he stood there pawing at it softly, like he was trying to maintain it. Hannibal felt his own cock twitch in his pants, seeing him there like that. Staring at the stars, the moonlight dancing on his face, erection evident through his clothes, ready to be taken by him and him alone... God, it was almost too beautiful for him to take.

"I'm ready." Hannibal whispered, standing up.

"Hmm?" Will hummed.

"The bed. We... We can..." He stuttered, unsure of his wording.

Will just nodded before stepping closer, not timid or nervous or afraid. It was like this was how it was always supposed to be. Hannibal's hands wrapped around the side of his neck,

trapping his curls beneath his fingers as a thumb rolled over his ear. He had touched him like this just before he left the scar across his abdomen, and now again... He felt his heart hammering in his chest, though he wasn't quite sure what to do about it, what to do with it, what to make of it. This was a first. He had never been slow and open and vulnerable with someone before. Not like this. Will was so many firsts to him...

Will made the first move. Hannibal was too lost in his own head to do so. He moved in close and pressed a kiss against his lips again, leaving him feeling breathless, yet calm at the same time as his eyes drifted closed. It was a gentle sort of kiss, not all-consuming, not rough, not fast and fiery and spur of the moment. It was a slow kind of kiss, a gentle kind of kiss. A kiss that left him absolutely speechless as he slowly pulled away, only slightly, and pressed another into the scar just below his eye. Hannibal let out a shuddered breath as his fingers trailed down his arms, wrapping around his wrists before pulling them up to his lips, pressing a kiss into each jagged scar there. Hannibal could feel the tears welling in his eyes at the sight of his lover being so gentle with him, in a way that he had never quite been before. His eyes rolled back, letting out a long sigh as his lover fell to his knees to kiss the most prominent scar that he had right then - a long, jagged scar at his side where he had been shot. He left a trail of kisses there, lips grazing over every inch of it...

"I love you, Hannibal." Will whispered as he rose back to his feet, meeting Hannibal's eyes again.

Hannibal didn't respond with words. Instead, he just pulled him close again, pressing a kiss into his lips and pulling him down slowly, pulling him down until they were both on the bed. Neither one was in control, rather the two of them as equals. No one was dominant or submissive, but they were just there, the two of them, sharing the control over one another. Will lay on his back, facing Hannibal but no longer looking at him as his lips trailed down his body, slowly finding their way down, kissing at each of his scars in the way that Will had just done to him. Will was staring at the stars as they danced above his head, blurring together from time to time as his lashes instinctively covered his eyes for a few moments each time Hannibal moved in a way that left him feeling breathless.

He felt Hannibal's hands stop at the waistband of his boxers, fingers grazing slightly over the elastic but not daring to pull them off of him until Will said so. He didn't have to say anything for Will to give a quick, short nod, promising him that it was alright, that he could have his way with him. Hannibal slowly tugged off his boxers, leaving him completely bare and open to him. Will wasn't too hard yet, maybe a little over half-hard, but he was absolutely stunning like that. So raw and open to him, so content with just being there. He was stunning, magnificent in every way. Hannibal let out a small moan at the sight of him as he gently discarded of his boxers, tossing them to the side so that they wouldn't be in the way. He let his eyes marvel at his Will, his beautiful, stunning Will, for just a moment before pressing a kiss against his thigh, provoking a small gasp from Will, like he wasn't quite expecting it, like he had never been touched there like that. Like his body had never had the worship that it deserved, the care that it deserved, the love that it so desperately, desperately deserved.

Hannibal's fingers trailed slowly down his thighs, down his legs, nuzzling into his body and breathing in deeply, heavily, taking in his scent. Of his arousal, of the light scent of sick hidden behind mint, of the fevered scent of his illness, of his shampoo, of his soap, of wine

and whiskey and champagne, of all of the little things that made Will who he was. He slowly guided Will's legs up, spreading them out so that Hannibal could get a clear view of him. Will's hands were grasping at the duvet, letting out a small, shuddered sigh.

"Are you cold?" Hannibal inquired.

Will just nodded.

Hannibal nodded in response and grabbed the blanket laying at their side, folded and ready to be taken, and tugged it over his head. It ended just above Will's nipples, giving him access to play with them should he feel the urge. Will's hands, beneath the blanket still, loosened on the duvet and moved slowly toward Hannibal's hair, running his fingers through it, messing it up just a bit, drawing a small smile to his lips as he continued running his fingers up and down Will's legs, trying to decide where to go from here as he studied him over.

"You've never had sex with a man before, have you Will?" Hannibal inquired softly, just loud enough to be heard through the blanket. He didn't particularly like the fact that he couldn't see Will's face, but he knew that his blindness to the rest of his body would bring new sensations, stronger than what would be given with his sight.

"No... You're the first." Will confessed, voice sounding hazy and drunk with love and lust and awe and starlight.

"It may take some time to loosen you a bit, considering that this is your first time. Is that alright?" Hannibal informed quietly.

"Yeah." Will breathed.

"I'll use my tongue. I'm not currently in possession of lubricant, so it will have to suffice. Though, if you want to wait, I can... You can penetrate me instead. If you wish."

"No, I want this."

Hannibal smiled softly between his legs and pressed a kiss at his perineum, drawing a sweet, small sigh from his lover's lips.

"Okay." Hannibal whispered before pressing his lips against the taut ring of muscle.

He felt Will tense slightly at the touch, his hole tightening beneath his lips, but he quickly relaxed again as Hannibal's hands drifted slowly, gently down his sides, hands careful with him. His body relaxed beneath his gentle touch, being entirely gentle with him, really trying to make him know that it would all be alright. There was no power-play, no manipulation, no end-game, no agenda. He just wanted Will to know that he was safe here. That they were both safe here. That it was all going to be okay, and that this was the start of something new - something beautiful.

A hand beneath him to prop him upwards and a hand pressing down against his stomach to keep him steady, Hannibal slowly leaned in again, tongue licking firmly at the ring of muscle. The corners of his lips perked upward as Will reached down and pressed into his hair, fingers

running through the silvery strands that he could not see. He could see small movements from beneath the blanket, could feel him moving and licking and sucking as his erection quickly grew harder, almost painfully so. He could see the stars, and for a moment, as they lay beneath them and Will choked back small noises, small sounds of pleasure and neediness, he could've sworn that they were floating amongst them.

Hannibal circled Will's hole with the tip of his tongue, providing some lubrication to it. It would've been better if he had lubricant with him, but he hadn't exactly expected this to happen. Neither of them had. How could they? Hannibal living under the assumption that Will was straight, Will living under the assumption that they would both be dead by now... There wasn't any way of expecting this, but it was alright. From the slight squirming beneath him, the occasional roll of his hips, the now fully-hard erection sitting against his stomach... He knew that Will was enjoying this. And Hannibal couldn't say that he wasn't enjoying it as well. Neglecting his own hard length and focusing solely on Will, it was like he had become part of him. The way that he tasted, the way that he smelled... It made him want to devour him in a way that wasn't in the literal sense. Any desire that Hannibal had once harbored inside of him to devour Will was now gone, and replaced with a more pleasurable substitute. To have him in a way that could be sustained and enjoyed by both... It was a satisfaction he'd never had before. Not like this.

Will was letting out short, small noises, quiet and soft and utterly satisfying, leaving Hannibal with a thirst for more. More of this. More giving and less receiving. Hannibal had always been selfish and arrogant and narcissistic, but Will changed that. He made him want to give more than what he received, made him want to sacrifice everything a thousand times over just to hear those soft sounds of his...

"Hannibal." Will whispered his name like it was sacred, like it was the name of the god he was praying to rather than the name of the man that he was making love to.

Hannibal let out a small hum of satisfaction, hearing his name whispered so reverently, before spearing his tongue to a point and pushing it inside of Will's body, which now gratefully sucked him in without much resistance. Will let out a small, choked gasp at the intrusion, but it was one of pleasure rather than pain. He let out a soft moan as he exhaled, his fingers relaxing against his scalp, running softly through his hair as his tongue worked deeper inside. Will was moaning softly, eyes rolling back with every move, the sky dipping and swaying around them. The water lapped lightly against the side of the boat, rocking them softly, their small, soft movements falling into time with the lapping of the waves, the stars feeling like they were moving with them. Looking at something so beautiful while the man that he had loved for years made him feel so good... It was all that he could ever hope to ask for in this world.

There was a warm sensation pooling in his stomach, something that felt like giddiness and excitement and something else. Will had never felt anything quite like it, nothing quite so sweet, nothing quite so warm and comforting as they lay there, the heat of his breath, the slick of his tongue working inside of him, slowly working him open as Will gradually grew more and more pliant, more and more relaxed. This was so different than anything that he had ever imagined. Everything he had thought of had been fast and rough and bordering on painful. But right then, pain couldn't have been further from the truth. Perhaps there was a

slight sting at the first intrusion, but nothing so painful that it distracted from the pleasure that it brought him. Nothing could distract him from the perfect mix of emotion and sensation that filled him to the brim in that very moment.

Hannibal slowly worked himself away from Will's hole for a moment, provoking a small, high-pitched whine from Will at the sudden loss of heat, loss of sensation. Hannibal made a small, hushed sound, trying to quiet him as he pressed a kiss into his thigh. He felt the saliva between his legs start to cool with the night air, sending a shiver down his spine as he lay there, desperately wanting more, wanting Hannibal inside of him again.

"I'm going to use my fingers now, alright?" Hannibal whispered, lips still half pressed against his skin, the vibrations of his voice running up through him.

Will nodded.

"I'll start with one, and when I feel you begin to open to me, I'll add a second. Then, once I have worked you open enough, I'll add my tongue again to help lubricate... And then..." He explained, being far too clinical.

"I get the idea, Hannibal. It's sex, not brain surgery." Will chuckled.

Hannibal laughed slightly to himself before sticking a finger between parted lips and pressing it into him slowly. The first time he pressed in, Will's body tensed and he let out a small whimper of pain at the sting, and Hannibal retreated before licking his finger again, slicking himself, and pressing into him one more time, slower this time. There was less resistance this time, sucking his finger into the tight heat, almost bringing a moan to the doctor's lips as he worked. He slowly worked into him, pressing small kisses into his thighs, occasionally ghosting a small kiss over the head of his cock. Will was laying above him, and he still couldn't see his face, but he could imagine the look of bliss, could imagine the utter calm as he lay there, letting out small, occasional moans whenever Hannibal's finger teased slightly at his sweet spot. It wasn't much stimulation there, since Hannibal wanted to wait until he was inside of him to *really* show him how good it could feel. But it was enough to make the experience... Enjoyable.

"Can you touch yourself? It will help you relax and open up to me." Hannibal requested.

Will let out a low hum in response, the hand that had been sitting over his scar moving down toward his cock, a finger running over the head, spreading the bead of precum that had gathered there down the shaft. He was beautiful. He was a good 8 inches, looking roughly of the same length and girth of himself. He was circumcised, which angered him, as it always did. Genital mutilation was never a good thing, and Hannibal hated the practice. Seeing it done on his lover put a bad taste in his mouth, but it didn't make him any less beautiful. He was still absolutely stunning, every inch of him. Even in this state, even broken and thin and starved of nutrients, he was still Will Graham, and he was still absolutely beautiful.

Will's hands worked slowly, matching the tempo at which Hannibal's finger moved in and out of him. He was wearing a small, lazy smile, eyes closing slowly and peacefully with each movement. He felt like he was floating among the stars as they lay there, Hannibal working

inside of him, working him open slowly, making him feel so good as they lay there, stars dipping and swaying around them...

"I'm going to add a second finger, okay? I can feel your body begin to open up to me... How easily your body takes me in... Are you sure that you've never been penetrated before now?" Hannibal informed.

"Never. You're the first. The first inside my mind, the first inside my soul, and the first inside my body." He hummed softly.

Hannibal hummed and pressed his lips against his inner thigh. "Perhaps just to me then... I'm going to add a second finger now, alright?"

"Alright." He replied.

Hannibal drooled over his fingers as a substitute lubricant and slowly added a second finger, his body taking him in with ease now, his body relaxed to him. Slowly twisting his fingers and spreading him open, working open his body. He wished that Will would have allowed him to work him open slowly, preparing him over the course of a few nights rather than a few minutes. For the first time, he was truly worried about breaking Will Graham. After all they'd been through, after all that Will Graham had been through, after all that Hannibal had put him through, and he was worried about breaking him during sex of all things.

But when Will started moaning, quiet and controlled but enough to show that this felt good, all of Hannibal's doubts went away and all that was left was the sound of his moans of pleasure filling the night air.

Hannibal smiled, pressing small kisses down his thigh, down to his perineum, just beneath his balls. As Will continued stroking himself, Hannibal's lips moving just beneath his hand and his fingers still working inside of him, he let out a loud, high-pitched moan. Hannibal took the opportunity to let his finger graze over the small nub, just a short graze before pressing down harder, causing Will to lurch, voice suddenly away from him as he let out a loud gasp. His back arched sharply, beautifully, movements stuttering as he lay there, body trembling beneath his touch.

"Holy shit." Will whispered as Hannibal continued twisting and working his fingers as he opened him up.

"I take that you like prostate stimulation." Hannibal laughed softly.

"Yeah, do it again." Will replied.

"In due time. I'd quite rather stimulate you while I'm really inside of you. Shared pleasure."

Will let out a short whine, though it was more of the teasing sort, not truly angry or irritated. Hannibal smiled, pulling his fingers apart slowly as Will gradually opened up to him, and pressed his lips back against him, slicking him as well as he could, taking his time, making sure that he was lubricated enough for this as Will continued moaning, watching the stars as

his free hand pulled at Hannibal's hair, trying to tug him closer, like he was trying to pull him into him.

"I think I'm ready." Will sighed.

"What makes you think that?" Hannibal chuckled, pressing his tongue against his rim again.

"I feel open. I feel like I can't take it anymore. I need you... Please. I feel ready."

"I agree." Hannibal replied, smearing his saliva around his hole a bit more, providing an ample amount of lubrication, enough to make the breach comfortable.

"I need you... I need you inside of me... Please..." Will whimpered.

Hannibal smiled softly before pulling the blanket away, the two of them making eye contact for the first time since Hannibal had started working on opening his new lover. Will had a look of bliss and need and lust and awestruck wonder on his face, a beautiful look of absolute contentment, perhaps the happiest that he had ever seen Will. He knew that when the sun rose again, they would have to figure out something, would figure out how to fix what had become of Will... But until then, this was all that mattered. The act of coming together, the act of becoming one.

Their consummation.

Will smiled up at Hannibal as he hovered over him, just before pressing a small kiss at the corner of his mouth. Will could taste himself on Hannibal's lips, and it sent a strange mix of emotions running through him. But he didn't really mind it as Hannibal pulled away, leaving him with closed eyes and wanting more. More of him. More of this. He wasn't sure that he could ever get enough of this. After all of the pain, after all of the hurting each other... Maybe this would be what shattered all of that, all of the bad history, all of the pain... Maybe this would destroy all of that pain, and they could be together now without feeling like they needed to fight, to struggle for the upper hand, to manipulate, to hurt. Maybe they could just be together, happy, and that would be enough.

Hannibal reached down and pulled Will's legs up to wrap around his waist, his ankles locking together behind his back. Hannibal pulled away slightly, just enough to reach down and grab his cock and aim, pressing it against his slicked, open hole. Hannibal spit into his hand and slicked his own cock a bit more for good measure, there already being a large amount of precum spread over his shaft. He pumped himself once, twice, and then leveled himself with Will's hole...

He pushed.

Will gasped at the intrusion, eyes rolling back and head pressing down into the pillow, baring his throat to him, tempting him to reach down, bite, leave a small mark, just enough to show the world that he was his. Hannibal let out a small sound before exhaling slowly, all of that tight heat wrapping around the head of his cock. The feeling was something truly heavenly, causing him to gasp for breath, coiling in on himself over top of Will, the two of them immediately overwhelmed by their senses.

"Are you okay?" Hannibal breathed, making sure.

"Yeah." Will exhaled.

"Does it hurt?"

"No. It feels good. Full. I feel full... Full of you. Like you're part of me. Feels... So good..." He whispered.

Hannibal smiled softly, a smile that was more in his eyes than in his lips.

"May I continue? Can I go further?" Hannibal inquired softly.

"Yes. Please." Will permitted.

He situated himself so that his cock would brush against Will's prostate, keeping his pleasure in mind, putting it ahead of his, and pushed in further, slowly, making sure not to hurt him. He didn't want him to be in pain, didn't want him to hurt. He went slow until he settled into the hilt, Will's moans pushing him on, telling him that it was okay, that he wasn't hurting him. His moans were quiet, hushed, whimpering things, only growing louder when he moved and struck the spot again. Hannibal was clutching onto Will like his life depended on it, holding on tightly, elbows against the deck to keep himself from squishing his lover but hands wrapped tightly around his shoulders. Will's hands were pressed against Hannibal's sides, nails running lightly over his skin. His ankles stayed locked around them, and as Hannibal settled into his William, as far as he could go, becoming part of one another, moans soft and quiet and absolutely wonderful.

He didn't know how long they stayed like that. Not moving, Hannibal sheathed inside of his lover and never wanting to move away. He didn't thrust or try to move right away, waited, just wanting to take a moment to savor the sweet, tight heat all around him, take a moment to savor how beautifully Will had laid himself out for him, take a moment to savor the way that his body moved, the hitching of his breath and the slight quivering of his muscles and the way that he felt completely and utterly relaxed beneath him. Like nothing in this world could ever hurt him again. He felt smaller than what he had before all of this had happened, the bones in his body more prominent than what they had been, but he was still Will. He was still the Will Graham that he had fallen in love with all of those years before.

He was just... Will.

"I'm going to move, okay?" Hannibal whispered, pressing his lips against the side of his lover's neck, feeling his hammering pulse beneath his lips, beating in time with his own... Exquisite.

Will just nodded, letting out a small sigh.

Hannibal rolled his hips back slightly, pulling almost all the way out, slowly, slowly, slowly, not wanting the moment to end. Will's breath hitched as he struck his prostate again, the way that he tightened around him at the sudden stimulation being enough to make Hannibal pant

for breath. God, he was exquisite. This... Felt exquisite. It was the only word he knew to describe it. Just short of perfection.

Wonderful.

Lips never leaving Will's neck, pressing kisses against his skin, he pushed in again, Will letting out a soft whimper, fingers tightening over his back, nails clawing into the skin.

"I love you." Will whispered as Hannibal pulled himself out slowly and thrust in again, breathing stuttered with each strike of his prostate. Hearing him speak those three, simple, overused words... It was enough to bring him to the brink of tears.

"Aš tave myliu..." He whispered in return, and again, and again, until the words of his mother tongue were rolling uncontrolled from his lips, spilling from him with the contents of his heart. *I love you.*

His hips rolled smoothly, slowly, in and out, Will simply lying pliant beneath him, making quiet sounds, tightening him around him with every thrust, letting out short, whimpered, quivery moans each time he struck the sweet spot. It was like nothing that Will had ever experienced, and Hannibal was happy to give it to him. Happy to show him how good it could feel.

Hannibal was over top of him, holding him so tightly. Will's fingernails were digging into his back, leaving red lines against the pale skin of his back.

"Harder... Please... I need more." Will whispered, practically begging.

Hannibal took a deep breath and rolled his hips back before pressing back in, thrusting in faster than before, harder than before. He'd been gentle with Will, not wanting to hurt him, wanting him to know that he was loved, wanting to pleasure him while worshiping him. Will's breathing hitched, legs wrapping tighter around him as Hannibal pulled out of him again, almost entirely unsheathing himself from Will's tight, soft heat, before delivering another thrust, forcing another choked moan out of his lover.

Will could feel him everywhere, invading every inch of his body, warmth filling him to the brim in a way that he had never been filled before. He had never felt something so intense, had never felt something so wonderful, had never felt something so *good.* Hannibal was big, filling him so miraculously. Hannibal pushed in fast and hard before pulling out again, picking up speed, creating some friction. Will's cock was trapped between them, rubbed and stimulated with each thrust of Hannibal's hips. He could feel himself getting close. So close.

It felt as if a dam had broken. As if something had shattered and they were falling in together now, no longer two separate people, but one, two halves of the same soul. Will had tried so hard to escape the other half of him, had fought so desperately for control over his own life, fought so hard to keep nothing but the traits that he liked, tried so hard... But it was only when he fell into him, the two of them finally giving in to each other, that they could find true happiness. The slaying of the great red dragon had been their first consummation, and this would be their second. And Will vowed to himself that he wasn't going to pull away anymore. Not this time.

This time, he belonged to Hannibal. And Hannibal belonged to him. And there would be no more walls, and no more lies, and no more hurting. It would just be them.

Hannibal thrust into the younger man's body, quickly, desperately, feeling the tension in his cock as he was engulfed by such tight heat, taken in by him... He knew that he couldn't take it much longer, couldn't stave off his orgasm. He'd been waiting so long for this moment, waited years to be inside of Will, consumed by him in this way, had waited so long for Will to finally give in, see and acknowledge his true potential, finally understand who he was and learn to love himself for it rather than despise the monster he'd become. He'd waited so long for Will to love him back, to want him back like this... He wasn't going to be able to take it much longer.

"I'm close." Hannibal growled, low and shaky.

"Me... Me too." Will stuttered between moans.

"You're... You're so exquisite, Will... So beautiful... So hot and tight around me... I... Cum for me, William." He whispered.

Hannibal pushed hard, pressing hard against his prostate. He laid heavily against him and rubbed against his cock, trying to hold himself together. Will's toes curled tightly, nails digging into his back, letting out a loud moan, before the stars began to dip and sway and dance before his eyes as the golden light exploded through him. His back arched, pushing him closer into Hannibal, throwing his head back and letting out a cry, seizing as if electrified. The pleasure rushing through him as his blood singed through his veins, the explosion of his own release splashing between them...

Exquisite.

With Will's orgasm, his hole clenched tightly, tightening around Hannibal's cock. He was incapable of holding it back, groaning loudly as he came, coming deep inside of Will, his Will... He couldn't think, couldn't breathe... Just... *Will.*

As they stilled, their hormones calming and minds gathering slowly. Cocks softening, chests heaving, eyes heavy-lidded, hands and arms and limbs tangled and holding each other tightly, hearts pounding, bodies trembling. The stars dipping and swaying, surrounding them, covering them... The sky was everywhere, holding them together...

"It's beautiful." Will whispered.

Chapter 3

Hannibal had fallen asleep on top of him. They didn't bother getting up or getting clean. Hannibal had brought a few towels with the blankets and had wiped some of the cum and sweat away, but they paid little heed to the mess. They fell asleep wrapped in each other, a tangled web of limbs. They slept peacefully, no more nightmares, no waking up with screams torn from their throats. Just wrapped in each other's embrace.

Will couldn't have imagined how wonderful sex was with Hannibal. Slow and caring and reverent, like the older man had worshiped every inch of his body. When they made love, Hannibal treated Will Graham like a god. Like he was Hannibal's religion, god, heaven, and temple. Will had detested being the center of attention once upon a time. But not with Hannibal. He would kill for Hannibal's affection.

Slowly, Will reached between his leg with the hand that Hannibal *wasn't* crushing. Tacky and mostly dry, but still there. Hannibal's cum had filled him the night before, warm and slick and gushing. He had liked the feeling of Hannibal cumming hard inside of him, liked the feeling of his lover filling him up until there was nothing left in his cock, liked the feeling of Hannibal's cock softening inside of him until he slipped out of his body. It was cold and dry now, but the ghosts lingered around his rim.

"Hannibal..." Will whispered, nudging the man on top of him. The older man let out something between a whine and a groan, the universal noise of protest against waking up. Not that Will could blame him. The first night of peaceful sleep in months, years maybe... Will didn't want to let go either. "Han..."

Slowly, the older man opened his eyes, stirring from the fog of sleep. Heavy arm slung over him, Hannibal still refused to let go, even as consciousness came back to him. Because letting go could mean losing Will Graham all over again. And that was a risk that the doctor couldn't take.

"The sun is rising." Will whispered.

Hannibal raised his head to look at Will. His eyes seemed awake, truly awake, for the first time since their consummation, since the murder of Francis Dolarhyde. No longer guilty, or tired, or dead inside. Will Graham was awake and he was alive and he was *his*.

"And so a new day breaks, and we may begin again." Hannibal whispered.

Will let out a small sigh, running a hand through Hannibal's silvery strands of hair, now messy from being pulled and mussed during sex the night before. Will closed his eyes, the smell of morning-after sex and the sound of waves against the boat and the feeling of Hannibal's chest rising and falling and the taste of his lover still on his kiss-swollen lips filling his senses.

This was their becoming. The teacup was returned to dust and they were left with something new. Left with clay, perhaps. Clay to mold and create their relationship in whatever shape

they desired. Left to build something new together, to build something beautiful. Build something that could withstand the fire of the kiln and never to be shattered again. Not this time.

"Are we... Is this... Is this our life now? What are we, exactly?" Will stuttered.

"What do you want for us to be?" Hannibal inquired softly, thumbing lightly over the scar on his stomach. Will instinctively reached down and touched at what used to be Mason Verger's brand. Now, it was just a gnarled mess of scarred flesh, unrecognizable. Will assumed that he had sliced and cut and dug until he was marked by no one, owned by no one.

"Boyfriend is childish. Lover is too scandalous. Partner is too cold." Will whispered.

"The only people who will ever know about us are on this boat. We need no labels. Love has no labels." Hannibal replied.

Will nodded slowly. He wasn't wrong. Even still, Will mused on. "Husband sounds okay. Husband sounds right."

"Husband. Despite no legal standing as such? No wedding, no certificate, no proof?"

"I married you the moment Dolarhyde died. As far as I am concerned, you're my husband. Our souls intertwined. Conjoined there. Twisted and tied and knotted and tangled, until we are no longer two individuals but one being. A match made in hell but a match nonetheless. You're my husband. My... murder husband."

Hannibal chuckled and finally sat up, pulling himself from their makeshift bed and shifting until he straddled the younger man's hips. Will found himself smiling as Hannibal leaned over and kissed him, flaccid cock resting between their bellies. Their relationship had been serious and intense, laughs few and far between. But somehow, as they kissed on a boat under the warm, orange rays of the rising sun, Will found himself able to smile again.

"Alright, Miss Lounds. Husband it is." Hannibal teased.

Will smiled and reached up, thumb tracing over Hannibal's face. His scars and jaw and lips, memorizing every inch of him, the way his husband felt locked beneath his fingertips. Held like secrets inside of his fingertips, the way he felt and looked right in that moment imprinted in his hand. "Then... I do." Will whispered.

"I do." Hannibal vowed before pressing his lips against Will's again, holding him tight. Hannibal's long, slender fingers were running through his curls, tugging roughly, deliciously, as Will's wandering hands started drifting south until two fingers rested over his puffy rim, circling gently until the doctor lurched forward, cock hardened between them.

"What do you say? Should we consummate the marriage?" Will suggested teasingly.

"As much as I would undoubtedly enjoy that... You and I both know that we need to talk." Hannibal replied.

Will gulped down hard. He wasn't wrong. Something in him had hoped to avoid this conversation, but it was inevitable. They needed to talk about this. They needed to find a way to fix this. And God, Will wanted to fix it. Starving and purging in cycles hadn't exactly been the dream. It was never what Will had wanted. And yet that was what happened, and Will didn't know how to fix it. How to break these hellish habits.

He took a long moment, studying over his husband's face, trying to find some malicious flicker beneath the mask, a habit that Will was finding hard to break, still expecting to be shattered by Hannibal Lecter. And yet, studying him over, there was no hint of betrayal or maliciousness. There was nothing but pure, unadulterated love, and respect, and sympathy. For the first time, all mistrust and fear, every last wall he'd built, it all came tumbling down. No more lies or secrets or betrayal. All of those things had burned with each confession of love, each thrust of Hannibal's hips, with each kiss and touch and moan and cry. Will knew it for certain now. He nodded, eyes cast down at his hands. Time to come clean, no matter how hard.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around the younger man before turning them both over, so that Will, who suddenly felt impossibly small, was curled into Hannibal's chest. The older man pressed his lips against the top of his boy's head, taking his hand in his own.

"Tell me when this started, Will." Hannibal ordered, just like the days when they were nothing more than doctor and patient.

Will inhaled sharply before nodding slowly, holding tight to the man he loved like an anchor. When he had explained this to Molly (though he quietly left out some of the gorier details, and changed some of the gayer ones), he had broken down just talking about the fact that he had a problem. An *eating disorder.* Just thinking the words felt wrong. How dare he have an eating disorder! How dare he starve himself so fucking selfishly! How dare he force the contents of his belly back into his mouth until his throat was stinging with fire and his teeth were rotting from his head! How dare a grown man suffer the disease of insecure teenage girls. How dare he be so petty.

"I... I couldn't eat after you left. When I sat down to eat, you... Appeared. You would be across the table from me. The devil stood behind you. You would always be there. Eventually I just... Stopped eating. I lost 80 pounds and could hardly leave the couch. I was sick. Dying. Jack came over every few weeks, and one day, after having nothing but whiskey on my stomach for about three weeks, and I was bone thin and my eyes were yellow because my liver was starting to fail... He took me to the hospital. I spent a week there before checking myself out.

"I started eating again. I still saw you. For a few months, I learned to ignore you. I would crank the TV so high that I couldn't hear you. Focus on the picture so you were nothing more than a blur in the corner of my eye. I gained some weight back. Started moving on. I met Molly and we started dating. I was getting along with Wally. Picked up three new strays. My life got better."

Hannibal's fingers gently raked through his curls. "What changed?"

"I was doing good at ignoring you... But you, you cunning bastard... You wouldn't go away once I finished eating. You were there and you were fucking annoying and I ended up crying half of the time. I missed you. Felt like shit for missing you. You showed up on my fucking wedding day. I married you instead of my wife. Had... Fucking sex with you on my wedding night. I didn't know how to get you out of my head. Finally, I gagged myself. Just to see what might happen. And you went away. You finally went away.

"So every time I ate, I vomited to get rid of you. I didn't starve myself because, in some demented, masochistic, fucked up way, I wanted to see you again. I needed to see you. Then, when it hurt too much, I'd stick a finger down my throat until everything came back up. Until there was nothing coming back up but the stinging taste of bile."

"You knew where I was. I stayed for you. So you'd always-"

"Know where to find you, I fucking know."

"Why didn't you come to me? This, all of this, was unnecessary. You and I could have worked it out. We could have avoided this. What kept you from me?"

Hannibal looked broken, almost begging for an answer. He looked brokenhearted and guilty as hell, like this was all somehow his fault. And perhaps it was. Hannibal had been the one to turn Will Graham into a cannibal. Had been the one that he had seen with every bite of food. Hannibal's ghost had been the reason behind his churning stomach and burning tongue and the fingers down his throat until it became reflex to upturn the contents of his stomach rather than digest them, until he no longer needed fingers and his body just knew.

No. That had been the fault of Hannibal's ghost, the ghost that haunted his mind and those four walls. This was not the fault of the man who sat with him now. The man who had made love to the night before, the man who made him smile against his kiss, the man he was in love with... It wasn't his fault.

Hannibal nudged his chin upward, until they were making and maintaining eye-contact, something Will so rarely shared with anyone. "Why?" The older man pleaded.

"I couldn't give you the satisfaction."

There was a long silence between them. Will pulled himself into sitting position and Hannibal followed, wrapped the blanket around their shoulders, just the two of them sitting together, staring out into the ocean waves as the morning sun wrapped them in its warmth, giving them their new beginning. They sat in silence, fingers intertwined. Whether or not their resolutions for a better life would stick, regardless of their future, not caring whether or not they would live happily ever after or end up slitting each other's throats... Bathed in the warm yellow glow, they had their new beginning.

"Did you miss me, William?" Hannibal whispered, kissing his knuckles.

"Yes."

"Did you ache for me?"

"Yes."

"Did you love me?"

"Yes. And you? Did you miss me? Ache for me? Love me?"

"More than you will ever know." Hannibal's fingers traced the outline of Will's, kissing them from time to time. "I used to sketch you. Sometimes I would draw you as I remembered you. Not the frazzled, broken shell of a man, nor the cold-blooded killer... No. I would draw you as you were the day you murdered Garrett Jacob Hobbs. Not when you pulled the trigger, but before then. We ate our breakfast together. I made you laugh. Smile. For the first time since I had met you, for a fleeting moment, you looked happy. That is how I drew you.

"And sometimes I would draw you as gods and heroes. I would sketch you and I as Achilles and Patroclus. With dreams of all of them dead so that we could conquer Troy alone. And we did. When we at last slayed the Dragon, just you and I. You and I. All that ever was and all that ever will be. You and I. Separated from you... It ached like purgatory."

Hannibal Lecter was a pretentious ass. But it was exactly that fact that left him in tears. Will didn't cry in front of people, but tears found their way to his eyes until he was trembling, ragged sobs pulled from his chest.

"I'm sick, Hannibal. I need you to help me. I want to get better, but I can't do it alone." Will begged, not turning toward him. Just sitting with fingers clasped so tightly that their knuckles had turned white.

Hannibal turned slowly toward him, making eye-contact for a split moment before cupping his cheek with his free hand and leaning in to kiss him. A little more passion and a little more need this time, rather than the careful, gentle kisses from the night before. Warm and fiery and passionate and needy and protective and possessive.

"A new day breaks, and we may begin again." Hannibal whispered before kissing him again, quickly, gently. "And again." Another warm kiss. "And again." The older man pulled him back to their makeshift bed and their rumpled sheets, lips barely pulling back from Will to speak. "And again." Hannibal whispered those words like a mantra as they made love in the warm glow of their new beginning together.

-x-ONE YEAR LATER-x-

"William! Can you let the dogs in?"

"Leave em for a few more minutes."

Will's arms snaked around Hannibal's waist and pulled him tight. Will had found a correlation in the past year. The healthier he got, the hornier he ended up. The old man could barely keep up, though neither of them were exactly complaining. And Hannibal was by no means

helping when he bent over, ass pressing straight up against his cock, as he sat the meat in the oven. Will knew nothing about the dish other than the fact that it was human. Middle aged ginger who liked to beat the shit out of her own kids. She tasted like pig.

"How long does that go in for?" Will inquired.

"20 minutes." Hannibal answered as he ceremoniously discarded of his apron.

"Plenty of time."

Will grabbed his husband by the hand and tugged him toward the couch, a wide smile gracing Will Graham's lips as he quickly shoved the older man into the chair. Hannibal let out a breathy chuckle as Will discarded of his shirt, tossing it to the floor. Hannibal followed, quickly unbuttoning his own shirt until he decided that his fingers weren't working fast enough, then he practically tore his clothes from his body.

This was nothing new. Will typically did this once or twice a day, deciding that he wanted sex. It had started as a form of therapy; after each meal, rather than letting Will go purge, they would have sex. A reward system for keeping his food down. It took about six months for his body to stop rejecting food. It had been a long and painful recovery, but slowly, his body learned to adapt. To adjust. And slowly, slowly, slowly, he got better. He was no longer haunted by the ghosts of his past, and his need to purge slowly left him. And having a master chef for a husband certainly didn't hurt.

Will all but tore the denim from his legs, cock straining beneath his boxers, impossibly hard already. Hannibal could feel his cock growing between his legs, erection filling and swelling as he watched the man above him. Will had grown strong again, belly filling out rather remaining sunken in and strength coming back to him. And with his strength came his libido; not that either of them were exactly complaining.

Hannibal tore his pants away, tossing them aside and slipping a hand into his briefs, palming at his barely-contained erection until he was fully hard. Will climbed over his husband, straddling his legs, rubbing his throbbing length up against Hannibal's thigh. The younger man grabbed Hannibal's free hand and guided it toward the obscene bulge in his boxers, instructing on how to touch and rub until a moan was drawn from Will's throat.

"Let me see you, dear boy." Hannibal murmured, lust heavy in his voice.

Seduction in his eyes, Will raised himself up enough to tug off his boxers, going as slowly as possible to provide Hannibal with a little tease. He presented himself to the man, bare and open to him. His cock, thick and heady and engorged with blood, his arousal so blatantly evident, pressed up against the bulge in Hannibal's briefs, pushed so close that he could feel each twitch of his weeping cock, a wet patch forming in the cloth between them. Hannibal always ended up leaking an absurd amount of precum, as Will had learned over the past year. The lucky bastard was uncircumcised, which accounted for that. By exploiting this fact, Will had been the cause of many ruined pairs of underwear.

Will rubbed himself against the wet cotton as he reached for Hannibal's hand, slowly pulling the hand behind him and guiding the chef's skilled fingers to his hole, already stretched open

and sloppy with lube. He had prepared himself before coming downstairs as something of a surprise for his husband. He guided one of Hannibal's fingers, circling his rim with Hannibal's finger before nudging it inside of him. Hannibal took over from there, pushing his finger deep inside, brushing over his prostate with one finger, then two, then three, fingers pumping in and out of the younger man, until he was squirming and whining over him. *"Hannibal...* He moaned.

Slowly, Hannibal removed his fingers, his wet digits brushing over Will's balls, cupping them for a moment and squeezing. The older man drew a gasp from his boy before drifting down, fingers drifting lazily down his shaft... He whined when contact was broken and Hannibal's hand moved to his underwear, tugging his throbbing length from the confines of his briefs, stroking his length unceremoniously in attempt of appeasing the need for friction. Will let himself watch for a few moments, mouth fucking watering at the sight of his cock. Foreskin sliding smoothly over the slick, bulbous head of his cock, those skilled hands so effortless as he pleasured himself... It left Will trembling.

Will scooted closer to him, wrapping his legs around the older man's waist. He propped himself up on his knees, Reaching down between his own legs and wrapping his hand around Hannibal's cock, he lined his lover's throbbing erection up with his hole before slowly sinking down onto his length with one steady glide. Will let out a long, loud moan as he started to grind down onto Hannibal's cock, the thickness of his length filling him to the brim. He could feel every inch of him inside of him, warm and thick and heavy...

"So fucking good, Han... *Ah, ah, ah, fuck..."* Will murmured as he slowly started to move.

Will slowly raised himself up until nothing but the bulbous head of Hannibal's cock remained inside of him. Both of their chests heaving, he inhaled sharply and pushed down sharply, picking up speed. Hannibal's cock hit directly against his prostate, drawing cries of pleasure from his throat. Hannibal's forehead pressed against him, panting and sweating, breath heavy and hot against the younger man's skin.

When Will dropped down hard on his cock again, before he could raise back up and repeat the process, Hannibal stole the younger man's mouth, kissing him with all passion and all desperation. Will's fingers grasped tightly at his lover, still moving up and down, but not enough to break the kiss, grinding hard against his prostate as he held tight to the man that he so desperately loved.

"I... I love doing this... Fucking myself on your cock. You feel so big and... And hard inside of me... And I like that I can control how it goes. How I take my pleasure. But..." Will mused, panting and barely coherent.

"You like it better when I fuck you myself. When you surrender control to me." Hannibal growled as he pressed his lips against Will's throat.

Will nodded hard.

Hannibal shifted so that he could thrust into Will's tight heat from where he sat - he wouldn't make Will come this way, but it was rather a harbinger for the things to come, a way for Will to feel him slowly taking back control. They would switch off sometimes, and Hannibal

would bottom on occasion, but typically, Will liked to bottom. First in his head, first in his heart, first in his body, as the younger man would oftentimes recite. Will oftentimes took the control by riding the older man, pushing him back against his seat and taking his pleasure in whatever way he saw fit, either by going hard and fast and desperate, or occasionally slowing down, savoring each press against his prostate. And usually, Will liked this amount of control over the predator that Hannibal was...

But other times, he wanted nothing more than to be taken and fucked mercilessly.

Now seemed to be one of those times.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around the younger man, thrusting up into him one last time, burying himself deep inside of his tight, nearly irresistible heat. Keeping himself inside, the older man pulled both of them off of the chair and into the floor, pinning Will down beneath him. He watched as his lover let out a small laugh at the sudden change, a smile gracing his lips in a way it so rarely did before. Before the fall, before they made love for the first time. Now it was a smile that Hannibal got to see almost every day, and it was a smile that he never took for granted. He smiled during sex, smiled whenever Hannibal would crack jokes and terrible cannibal puns, smiled whenever he sat in a chair and read while Hannibal sketched him, smiled post-coitus when the raging hormones calmed any aching nerves. Will, for the first time since Hannibal had met him, was happy. Truly and honestly happy.

Hannibal smiled to himself before grabbing Will by the wrists and pinning them over his head. The younger man's entire body flushed, kiss swollen lips parting slightly as he stared up at the man above him. With little hesitation, he allowed himself to begin thrusting mercilessly into the boy. The sound of skin against was deafening, echoing through the cabin, absolutely filthy, absolutely wonderful. The only thing louder than the filthy, wet sounds were Hannibal's low growls and Will's mewling cries, moaning and begging as he lay there on the floor, arms outstretched grasping for purchase in the carpet and finding none.

Continuing to thrust furiously into his boy, he pressed a kiss against Will's exposed neck. He wanted to sink his teeth into the warm flesh, but he refrained, unsure if he'd be able to stop once he did. Another time, perhaps. Will's legs wrapped tightly around Hannibal's waist as he pumped into his tight hole, twitching and fluttering around him, begging for more, begging for release. A release that Hannibal would be happy to give him.

"Tell me what you need, my sweet boy... Tell me what you want." Hannibal whispered, seduction dripping with each word, reaching down with one hand and tugging at Will's nipple, pulling a moan from his boy's chest. He had something of a predilection for nipple play, as the older man had learned over the past year. Begged to be touched there. Hannibal never failed to oblige.

" *You, Hannibal. I need you.* " Will begged as Hannibal delivered thrust after brutal thrust into his body.

"Is this what you think about when you touch yourself? Is this what you're dreaming about when I wake you up with my mouth around that beautiful cock of yours? Is this what you need? Need my cock and no one else's?" Hannibal growled possessively.

" *Yes! Please!* " Will begged.

"Tell me. Tell me exactly how you want it. Tell me exactly what you fantasize about."

"I... *ah, ah, ah, I...* I fantasize about you... You fucking me... On... On my knees. From behind... You always get deeper that way, and... And... *Hannibal, please...*" He mewled.

Hannibal, with none of his usual grace and elegance, pulled out of the tight, damp warmth and flipped his boy onto his knees, with no resistance from Will. They were rough with each other these days, rougher than they were before. For weeks after they started having sex, Hannibal had been hopelessly gentle with Will, almost afraid to go any harder, like Will might break if he didn't. But eventually, Will started begging for the predator to go harder, wanting to be dominated and controlled and fucked without any ounce of mercy in his thrusts. Hannibal was more than happy to oblige. Of course, Will wasn't exactly what you might call submissive, given that he could turn the tables at any moment he chose, pinning the older man down whenever and wherever he pleased and fucking him. No. Will quite liked being subjected to his roughness.

He wrapped his arms around Will's waist and pushed into his tight hole again, grateful to be consumed by the warmth again. He lingered for a moment, inhaling Will's scent before pulling himself onto his knees, hands wrapped around his narrow hips so that he could watch that greedy hole of Will's devour his cock. Will kept his head down as he made those gorgeous, whimpering noises that he always made. Desperate, begging, and absolutely wonderful. Wonderful beyond belief.

"Touch yourself for me, Will. Stroke your cock while I do this to you." Hannibal ordered.

Will obeyed, reaching down between his legs with one hand, curling a hand around his throbbing length and rubbing, appeasing the desperate need for friction as Hannibal struck roughly against his prostate. The combined stimulation brought him to his peak, until he was damn-near screaming...

"Cum for me, darling. Cum for me." Hannibal whispered...

He could still feel Hannibal's cock filling him to the brim - how could he not? - but his attention was drawn to the roar of pleasure drawn from the pit of his belly, slowly spreading to every inch of him. Euphoria, heaven, nirvana, whatever the hell you wanted to call it... That was where he was. It was where Hannibal always brought him, never failing to bring him to the epitome of pleasure. It wasn't until he fell boneless on the carpet, feeling the dampness against his belly, that he realized he had come.

With another punch of his hips into the twitching, contracting muscles of Will's hole, Hannibal was gone, cumming hard and filling up his boy. He knew that Will always liked it when Hannibal came inside of him. Oftentimes, once Hannibal pulled out, Will would finger unabashedly at his hole, feeling the cum as it flowed out of him. Hannibal could see those times as he came, orgasm overtaking him...

Three loud beeps rang through the cabin as he pulled his softening cock from Will's tight heat, the two of them collapsing into a heap on the floor. It took a few moments to register

before Will finally inhaled and let out a small laugh.

"Dinner's ready."

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